The COMMONWEAL

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War Heroes and Summer Outings

HERE and there on weekend trips and vacations or among the neighbors at home you encounter a man or woman without loved ones in the armed services who personally feels the war intensely. There are sensitive Americans, dimly or acutely conscious of the bonds that unite them to their compatriots and to all men, who awaken in the middle of the night in their anxiety over victims of bombing raids or the crews of torpedoed ships struggling in the water. For such people even a semblance of normal life is no longer possible. Many of them give constructive expressions to their feelings by becoming volunteers for USO, Motor Transport, Red Cross, WAACS and other active war work. One of the most exacting of these self-imposed tasks is Nurses Aid. Certain scattered individuals have indeed thrown themselves into the national war effort. But the more people you meet, the more obvious it is that the war has not really touched the vast majority of Americans. Outside of a few moderate and universally imposed restrictions everyday life has hardly changed.

This was rather dramatically brought out in Cleveland recently when the Allied heroes touring the country were honored at a luncheon where the members of the sponsoring organization gave some time to discussing their annual picnic. This was too much for one of the heroes, who contrasted this petty concern with the terrible scenes he had witnessed at first hand . According to a feature story in the Boston *Herald* he gave the astounded diners and would-be picnickers a tongue-lashing they will not soon forget. Heroes of a war as terrible as this should not, of course, be treated to thoughtless dissertations on annual picnics. But what of the larger tension between all-out war and the ordinary way of doing things?

Is the *Herald's* feature writer completely justified in his anxiety as to how we can possibly win the war so long as the majority of our citizens continue to think of summer outings in a more or less normal way? Egypt, the Caucasus and even the Aleutians are thousands of miles away and our positive war aims are yet to be specifically stated. Thus far the United States has done little more than prepare to strike on a major scale. Our strategy in this war has not been published; there is no means at hand for following the progress of our arms. And our coasts and cities have not as yet been attacked. Our war is still remote, its terms uncharted. In view of this there seem to be two alternatives: either to leave the citizenry largely to the dictates of their own conscience or to whip up and seek to maintain in a state of tension the minds of the whole American people. Thus far the Administration has chosen the first of these, even taking for its own part more interest in the November New York State election than many commentators deem as fitting. Yet who can say whether in the long run deferring national tension until it is essential is not the wiser thing?

Meanwhile the millions of families with men in the service and the volunteers in the auxiliary services tend to act as a leaven for the whole. Once the preparatory stage is over and every citizen is given a specific series of things to do and not to do, the problem of a united war effort will be comparatively simpler. Give the American people definite things to do, let them see why and how their participation in each case contributes toward eventual victory, and most citizens will readily respond. In the meantime the chief morale problem would seem to be to keep us reminded of the issues that are at stake, to develop America's positive peace aims and publicize them for all to see. Then we as a nation will be ready for the sacrifices finally necessary for the winning of this mortal struggle.

Nobody Was Killed

IT WAS all very reasonable. Mr. Fred Higgins was very reasonable. The Associated Press reports him very reasonably to have "reminded Mrs. Roland Hayes that she was born and reared in the South and knew the rules of segregation of Negroes in public places in this section." We may presume that Mrs. Hayes was not unreasonable, first in wishing to buy a pair of shoes for

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her daughter, Africa, furthermore, in desiring to be waited on in the cooler section of Mr. Higgins's shoe shop. It has been hot these days and we know of no one who unreasonably would choose to sit as far as possible from a window. Unfortunately the seat chosen by Mrs. Hayes was one reserved by "the rules" for whites. Mr. Higgins asked Mrs. Hayes to move to the rear of the shoe shop and, as already mentioned, gave her a short and reasonable lecture about the customs of the South. That there existed a similarity between the rules outlined for her benefit by Mr. Higgins and those enforced by Mr. Hitler came to Mrs. Hayes's mind and she pointed this similarity out to Mr. Higgins who, thinking it unreasonable to discuss foreign affairs with a colored woman, asked her to go buy shoes elsewhere.

The story continues, inexorably logical. When Mr. Roland Hayes arrived upon the scene he was of course arrested. "I protested I had done nothing and I denied that my wife had cursed. I told them that my wife did not curse. When I said that, a man not in officer's garb gave me all he had on the jaw. Then I was dragged to the patrol car, handcuffed between two officers. I was struck again by this man not in uniform who leaned through a window to hit me. My wife and I were put in a cell and our little girl left on the outside. Finally the chief came and asked if I wanted to make bond. I posted a check for $50 and we were released. . . . I am not bitter toward anyone and the humiliation is on the other side."

Since Mr. Roland Hayes is known in this country and abroad as a concert singer of great distinction and musicianship it is entirely reasonable that the Associated Press should have transmitted this little folk story from Rome, Georgia, to the newspapers of the nation. Reasonably too, were it not for Mr. Hayes's prominence, Rome, Georgia (pop. circ. 20,000) might have had to await a lynching before its customs and "the rules" were brought to the nation's attention as, undoubtedly, to the delighted notice of all the nation's enemies. Reasonably and quietly Mr. Higgins—who stands simply as the mouthpiece of his people—proved his point. No one was killed.

Reasonable as all this may be, our comment is this. So long as there are sections of the United States where a citizen cannot buy shoes without possessing preliminary information concerning special local habits—we suppose that Mr. Higgins would have had something to say to a white woman who sat in the colored section of his shop—so long as citizens who do not live in Rome, Georgia, are reminded again and again that in Rome, Georgia, and throughout the South, racial discrimination is an intolerable annoyance and an indefensible injustice, there will continue to grow in the hearts of many citizens white and colored a determination to bring southern "rules" and habits into line with civilized American ideals.

Banana Republics No Longer?

THE PLAN announced by the United Fruit Company to develop in Central America large scale production of crops hitherto imported from the Far East brought considerable favorable comment. It is held by some observers that this marks a new step in Pan American economic relations, an end to years of colonial tutelage. This dependency was well expressed by the term "banana republics." Under the system now proposed by United Fruit, Far Eastern products would first be introduced in Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Panama in the effort to replace our lost sources of palm oil, quinine, rubber, hemp and other important raw materials. All this is also proposed as an effort toward setting up "a balanced economy in Middle America."

The diversification of crops in the "colonial" areas of Latin America is all to the good. For any economy based primarily on one or two crops is highly vulnerable—witness what happens in Cuba when sugar is down or in Brazil when the bottom drops out of the coffee market. But in order to raise the standard of living throughout the Americas each country must become something more than a producer merely of raw materials. The land which pays for the manufactured products it imports by exporting its raw materials is doomed to poverty. Furthermore, the diversion of Central American acres to the production of war materials hardly forms the basis for a sound economy. There is the possibility that trade will once more be established with the Far East and under the pressure of war synthetics may well be perfected that will undersell the natural product. In the event of a long war it is greatly to the advantage of the United States to have such sources of strategic materials near at hand, and, as the Fruit Company says, development of these new sources will result in new purchasing power in the affected areas. This in turn may lead to some establishment of local industries. But the plan so far presented seems distinctly to be a war measure based far more on the temporary needs of the United States than on the needs of the Central American peoples.

The latest press reports indicate that certain Argentine leaders continue to harbor and publicize deep suspicion of the aims of the United States. So much so that they are publicly declaring that they are less fearful of the Axis than of the "Colossus of the North." Such statements as that recently issued by the United Fruit Company will hardly reassure them or give strength to the many supporters of the United States in Chile and the Argentine. The technicians and experiments of large North American companies in Central and South America should be utilized by all means. It is important, however, to base the new Pan

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American economics on long range plans in which the respective governments and leading economists and executives of those countries play the leading part.

Art Talk

THERE was a cover on *Collier's,* there were drawings on the editorial page of the New York *Evening Post,* there was a whole book, with preface and everything, of drawings of Hitler and Mussolini, Goebbels and Goering, German generals and German privates and moth-eaten Italians; there was an exhibition at one of the great New York art dealer's, and then we were in the war and so there were drawings of Hirohito with teeth and of course there is something effective in these bitter, thin, cheap and meticulously drawn war cartoons since not only are they spreading like a rash through magazines and newspapers but the advertising business is using them too. They are signed Arthur Szyk. They are very bad. It is very bad for us if we see our enemies as they are drawn by Mr. Szyk; it is very bad for us if we should be led to think we are fighting against scarecrows; it is very bad for us if slick art should be diverted in war time from legs to political pornography.

Here is Mr. Szyk's latest Mussolini: a heavy glum figure mounts an exhausted steed. A lance tied together with string trails dejectedly. An enormous pistol sags in its holder. Decorations are pinned on the horse, on the horseman. Let me die laughing. Only the horse is Rosinante and Mr. Szyk is dirtying up, perverting and using for his own purposes the symbol of the wandering Knight that Cervantes planted in the conscience of the world three hundred years ago. Apart from that crime, everything is wonderful. Every detail is carefully drawn. The distortion is that of the comic strip. It has nothing to do with any deformation required by composition or feeling. The illiterate can read Mr. Szyk's pictures.

And here is his latest Goering: The caption reads "I'm not worried. I keep my money abroad." The highest decorations of the Reich swing against this fat fool's buttocks. A breast is profiled with decorations. This senile glutton grins. Well, that's fine too and it's fortunate we have no one really serious to fight against—stick a pin in Goering and watch him explode. And they are all like that, all our enemies: teeth and spectacles, fat groins, thin legs, bestial and stupid, covered with lice. They stink. Only, there is this about those decorations that look so funny, I cannot help believing that they are not all of them granted for acts of drunken butchery. There have been not a few Germans killed, and it seems to me quite possible that some of them died bravely and that some were brave, and decorated, who did not die. It seems to me a dangerous thing if we are led to think that only our own decorations have any significance; it seems to me a dangerous thing if we are led to think that the finest men of our nation are going forth to war against rodents, monkeys and swine.

But there is something vastly more important than this cheapening of our adversaries, it is that in so doing we are cheapening our war, and our war aims, and our soldiers. For the fact is that we are fighting brave and determined men and we are fighting their bravery and determination because these qualities have been placed at the service of leaders who have arbitrarily decided that they can and will solve the problems of this world in such a manner that freedom as we understand it will not survive. We are fighting for the freedom of the German soldier and the Italian and the Japanese. We are fighting to destroy the hallucination in which they live. We are fighting to recreate the feeling of universal solidarity, to make possible again a friendship between men. We are fighting hard, but while we are fighting we intend to hold inviolate in our hearts the awareness that in this civil war, in this schism within the brotherhood of man, nothing is lost unless we ourselves destroy it, no men are monkeys, no men are swine unless we ourselves forget that they are the children of God.

There are precedents in imagery for anger and misery which do not dishonor the soul. There have been men who in the torture and nightmare of war and of civil war have held their comment to the plane of high tragedy. Callot was of these. Goya in his "Disasters of War" placed the executioners and the executed in the same light of tragic disaster. His criminals and his victims belong to the same suffering humanity. The great and angry Daumier was furious with pity. Under the Russian skies Vereshchagin marched the columns of his lost soldiers through the implacable and indifferent snows. Picasso's atrocious "Guernica" screams the agony of air bombardment, vibrates with the thin high note of high speed engines; it is inhuman or, rather, it is our humanity itself, broken and tortured by a disaster which is outside it. These painters, these great painters drew the pictures of war that will remain forever a testimony to the real and tragic nature of war. These men were angry, some of them were exiles, some of them were partisans; no one of them descended to triviality, no one of them could separate any figure he drew from the humanity which gave it life. Men looking at such pictures will march to war filled with furious indignation, brave because they will know the horrors that stand before them, but tragic and human will be their certainty that the bodies of friend and enemy lie, finally, interlocked in death. Only pictures such as these should be drawn, should be shown.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Is There Enough Farm Labor?

What is the real situation?

By Lyle W. Cooper

AS WE approach the periods of greatest demand for agricultural workers during 1942, assertions multiply that "the farm labor shortage" threatens to put a severe crimp in our war-time farm production goals. Superficially plausible, the widely expressed fear that it will be impossible to carry on the essential operations of agriculture justifies a closer view of the farm labor picture than is provided in the daily press.

Farm labor employment for most months of this year has been at a higher level than during the corresponding months of 1941. This may seem surprising, because there is so much talk from so many sections of the country that "acute shortages" of labor exist. When, however, newspaper stories and other statements are read carefully, almost invariably it turns out that the claim of "farm labor shortage" means one of two things. First, the expression may mean that while there is enough labor now, it is anticipated that there will be a shortage during the period of peak seasonal demand; or, second, "labor shortage" may mean that the available "supply" (largely synonymous with the unemployed) is only such and such a percentage of "normal." Obviously, this second meaning usually resolves itself into the same thing as the first, because reduced supplies of unemployed workers do not cause worry unless it is feared that there will be inadequate supplies of workers when peak demand arrives.

An anticipated farm labor shortage may, of course, become a real one. That is, this may happen unless something is done to forestall the danger. There are many measures that may be taken, some good ones and others not so good. Wage increases and improved housing are examples of desirable measures that have the effect of holding labor or drawing additional workers. To recruit migrants may or may not be a desirable procedure. This depends upon whether there is a real and not a fictitious shortage of local labor for peak harvest periods and also upon the wages and conditions for the migrants. Or, again, whether it is desirable to draw high school boys and girls—or women—into the labor market depends on whether they are actually needed and upon the standards (including wages) that prevail for them. It is also clear that inducing more youth to seek temporary employment than can be readily absorbed has a depressive effect on the earnings and conditions for those hired workers who regularly depend on agriculture for a living.

One must remember that too often in the past the cry of wolf has gone up—that is, "crops are going to be ruined because of labor shortages"—when actually the purpose was to create an oversupply of labor. Why an oversupply? Perhaps simply to be on the safe side, to make certain there will be enough labor. But not infrequently the purpose has been to insure that there will be too much labor, with resultant artificially low wages through cut-throat competition for jobs thus stimulated.

In the face of the low wages and insecurity (accentuated by lack of social legislation) that have prevailed for some time for farm workers, it is well known that many of them are attracted by the opportunity to obtain industrial employment. However, for this part of the picture to be in proper focus, certain facts should be kept in mind.

One is that the loss of farm youth to the centers of war industry and other urban communities has been greatly exaggerated. Another is that this cityward movement, together with the numbers taken by the military forces, usually represents a reduction of rural unemployment and underemployment rather than a subtraction from irreplaceable labor on the farm. Finally, it is important not to exaggerate the extent of the wage increase that is required in order to keep labor on the farm. This last point is so crucial that it deserves amplification.

How much wages?

The average differential between agricultural and nonagricultural wages has been large for many years. During the thirties it grew even larger. For example, whereas in the period 1921-29, average wages per month on farms was equal to 1.72 weeks of factory wages, in 1940 it was only equal to 1.41 weeks and in 1941 about the same as in 1940. In other words, at the beginning of 1942 farm wages were still low relative to 1921-29. But farm income has been steadily rising and authorities estimate that the expected billion dollar increase of net farm income in 1942 will permit a rise of at least 20 percent in wages.

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Industrial wages have also increased during the past year, though systematic wage controls now being worked out are designed to limit further substantial increases. Presumably farm wages will not be held under such tight rein; because even with recent gains, earnings at farm work typically continue to provide a substandard living.

Of special value in holding farm labor is a program which will increase earnings as well as boost wage rates. Increased earnings are to be attained in large measure through eliminating irregularity of employment. This method of making farm work more attractive also performs the vital function of making more labor available through cutting down on the amount of waste time. Fewer workers are required if more hours and days of work are obtained from each worker.

A consideration of great significance enters at this point. It is that much of the discussion about the inability of farmers to compete with city wages is based on invalid comparisons. The farmers, it is argued, cannot "afford" to pay war-industry wages. In support of this contention, the wages of *skilled* war-industry labor are cited. An illustration was contained recently in a New York newspaper of large circulation. In all soberness, it is declared editorially that farmers are unable to pay "the $70 per week wages" paid in war industry. Obviously, the statement cannot be denied. But just as clearly the fact is that there is no need for farmers to pay such a *skilled-labor* wage. Farmers do not even have to pay the *average* war-industry wage (about $35 per week). What they may increasingly be required to do is to pay a wage approaching that of the *beginner's* wage in war industry.

Other factors are also influential. Among these is the higher cost of living in war centers. Another consideration is the impossibility in many instances of finding housing accommodations for a family. Such factors evidently decide many workers against accepting the "high" wage in the city, where a money difference is counterbalanced by other considerations. (As previously indicated, the other side of the picture—improvement in farm working conditions as well as the wage inducement—is something that can no longer be neglected.)

In 1942, our whole labor market situation is undergoing a terrific shaking-up. Stresses and strains are created. Areas of shortage and surplus appear. Farm labor is not immune to the process, distressing in many ways, that we observe. Near active war-industry centers, particularly, methods long unused by many farmers are called for. Instead of broadcasting the news that jobs are plentiful and labor is hardly to be found, in the expectation that workers will flock into the area in great numbers, another method must be increasingly relied upon. Plans to pool farm equipment and local labor supplies and to allocate them with minimum waste motion will often go far toward assuring sufficient labor. In their turn workers will benefit through the increased earnings resulting from greater regularity of employment.

When the efficient utilization of normally available local labor resources discloses that there still is not enough labor to meet peak requirements, then it is time to draw upon sources not ordinarily relied upon—city dwellers, women and youngsters. It has been cogently pointed out that if the need really exists, the farm labor supply that can be relied upon to save a crop threatened by insufficiency of labor is almost the entire population between 14 and 60 years of age.

For certain crops and certain areas, migratory labor has come to be relied upon. The hardships and disabilities suffered by migrants, as the Tolan Committee has so effectively set forth, are essentially like those experienced by other farm workers. That is, the migrants' hardships are the same, only more so; they differ in degree rather than in kind. And for the migrants, as well as for the non-migrant farm workers, the reduced surpluses of available labor this year make it necessary to offer inducements. Not only do the practical necessities of this year underline the case for remedying disgraceful housing conditions and the low wages typically prevailing for migrants; in addition, the inability to move from place to place by means of the familiar jallopy makes it essential to take more than half-way measures in providing transportation.

As is so often the situation where disadvantaged and largely unorganized groups are concerned, the main emphasis is misplaced in the current press accounts dealing with farm labor. The real news in the farm labor story this year is not that there is said to be a farm labor shortage. Rather, the feature which ought to be highlighted is that circumstances this year are favorable for achieving some real improvement in the lot of the farm worker, the traditionally "forgotten man" in our economy. If a more favorable balance of farm labor supply and demand makes it necessary for large commercial farmers to make real concessions in order to attract workers, this should cause satisfaction rather than alarm. The great body of farm workers, Negro and white, comprises a large part of the ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed third of the nation.

But if supply and demand forces are relied upon solely, there is grave danger that the improvements in living attained under the stress of war-time scarcity will be quickly lost in the period of military and industrial demobilization. This points to the urgent need for extending the entire body of legislation—minimum wages, workmen's compensation, unemployment compensation, old

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age insurance and the protection of collective bargaining—which has been so unjustly withheld from these forgotten men.

If many of them now desert farming at the first opportunity, it is not surprising. Until the rest of the nation places them on something approaching equality of protection with other groups of workers, an attempt to escape from their present insecurity is natural—and, according to a familiar American ideal, laudable. Correctly regarded, agriculture is not only cultivation and crops but also the people who try to win a living from the soil. When the implications of this fact are fully grasped, the case is clear for social and labor legislation as well as crop loans, guaranteed farm prices and other governmental aids which employing farmers now look upon as their right. Only when this existing body of legislation is complemented with the other will a really stable agriculture be in prospect.

Dakota Hail Storm

A storm blows up.

By **T. D. Lyons**

WHEN Theophilus Rencontre and Zephier Brughier, Old Dakoty's cousins from Elk Point, got ready to leave the Big Place to return to Southern Dakota, it was early in May, and our fine big Percheron mares had been segregated in the "maternity ward" of the corral at the Big Place. The news of the foaling of a fine colt was considered more of importance in Dakota than a Proclamation of the President or an Act of Congress. The matriarch of the herd of mares was "Old Lil," a beautiful Cleveland Bay, which my mother's father had donated as a present to the family the year of my birth.

Lil had grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and her progeny were readily distinguishable by the keen-eyed judges of horseflesh who were on the roads between Sioux Falls and Forestburg, the county seat of Miner County, on the Jim River. Each member of our family on attaining the age of five years received the distinction of a ride on gentle Lil's broad back. Her disposition and intelligence made credible the tale in the "Fifth Reader" about the Arab's horse which lived in the tent with the family like a pet dog.

Pike L'Siou, Old Dakoty, was plainly not anxious to accompany his cousins on their departure from the Big Place, and since he had convinced my father that he was expert in handling mares with young foals, he was invited to remain. George Davidson placed in Pike's hands the great home authority of amateur farriers, "Doctor Lym's Home Veterinarian, Medical Adviser and Compendium of Useful Knowledge." This thick book had several pages of curious facts ordinarily carried by almanacs and also matters having special reference to that great Dakota subject, the horse. Under the title "The Seven Most Famous Horses of History" was the following list:

Bucephalus—Steed broken by Alexander-the-Great.
White Surrey—Steed of Richard Third, mentioned in Shakespeare.
Roan Barbary—Steed of Richard Second, mentioned in Shakespeare.
Black Bess—Dick Turpin's mare.
Morocco—Bank's horse, a famous High-School horse of about 1600.
Bayard—Charlemagne's magic horse.
Pegasus—The winged steed of mythology.

George M. Stratton said that the list was pedantic, and that a real horseman would not have overlooked Nancy Hanks and Maude S. Captain Palmer said that General Lee's horse, Traveller, and Stonewall Jackson's mount, Little Sorrel, were famous horses and that "Sheridan's Ride" entitled the "Steed that Saved the Day" to honorable mention, but that he had never heard that horse's name, and never heard the name of the horse George Washington rode at Yorktown, either. Old Dakoty said that Comanche, Captain Keogh's horse, the only survivor of the Custer Massacre, ought to have a place in the story, and that Custer's horse, Dandy, was also entitled to mention.

The big book advised also that mares with suckling colts should not be worked at all for six weeks after the arrival of the foal, and only lightly until the colts were weaned. Accordingly the mares with colts were seen hitched only to the hay-rake, or to some other light type of farm implement, although a light load of prairie hay was not considered too much of a burden for them, and the sight of the handsome colts frisking along behind the hayrack was a very pleasant one.

About the Fourth of July, as we drove by the wheat fields on the way to the School Section where we were putting up hay, we noticed that the wheat plants had jointed and that the wheat was

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beginning to head. The season was promising in every respect: corn was knee high, which was according to the formula, and the prospects promised a bumper crop of all kinds of small grain. The last week in July, the deep dark green of the wheat fields was giving way to a yellow sheen, and my father sent word to the Big Place to run the three headers and three binders into Redstone for a thorough over-hauling preparatory to the beginning of harvest on the Section "east of town," which he judged would be ripe and ready for cutting a week ahead of the six sections at the Big Place.

This move left only George Davidson, Pike L'Siou, my younger brother, and myself out at the Big Place to finish up hauling prairie hay from the School Section to the stables, and to put all in readiness for harvest. George Davidson was annoyed by a minor catastrophe which was to prove of great importance. Thereon Davidson had come screaming and weeping to the breakfast table with the news that his setter pup had fallen into the cistern. All hands immediately rushed to the rescue, but it was in vain. It was a badly drowned pup which we fished out of the 60-barrel cistern full to the brim of fine rain water caught from the roofs, and depended on as a drinking supply for the harvest hands. It was necessary to empty the cistern, and we planned to start hauling drinking water in the next two or three days from Northup's spring, two and a half miles distant, to replenish the cistern supply.

That night, around the ranch kitchen, Pike L'Siou told us of the great cloudburst on the Jim River in the sixties which drowned an entire wagon-train company of 23 people, including their dogs and ponies. Those who had seen the storm which came up suddenly, in the night, claimed it was a water-spout and as evidence adduced the fact that big pickerel were found in all the small creeks and sloughs, and that they could have got there only by deposit by a wind storm and water-spout which carried them hundreds of miles. Undoubtedly a great wall of water rushed down the creeks which flowed into the Jim River and caused much damage and loss of life. Gold prospectors on their way back from Virginia City were caught in the storm and drowned. Pike remarked that the storm had succeeded a day of intense moist heat, when the temperature had gone to more than 100 degrees, succeeded by a sudden shift of the wind to the north, followed by a hail storm.

The next day we used two teams hauling hay, while George Davidson went with another team to Bill Campbell's place to borrow his tank wagon to haul water from Northup's spring. The wheat fields were a glorious sight, the weather was warm and the wheat was rapidly ripening under a breeze from the southeast. That night was uncomfortably hot, but George Davidson remarked that it took such weather to make corn, and that we would all know the weather was hot the following week when harvest would be on in full blast. He had heard from my father that the harvest crew would start cutting the section east of town the next day, and we were warned to get the finishing touches on all preparations at the Big Place.

The next morning we took all three teams to the "Tree Claim" to stack millet, which had been cut and bunched. We took our lunch with us, as we intended to haul in three loads when we came in at night. The day was what was called in Dakota "hot and muggy," and working with the heavy millet was a very sweaty job. After eating our lunch, we felt considerable fatigue, which we were unable to shake off with the ordinary vigorous exercise. George Davidson finally remarked that the southeast wind had switched to the southwest, and had become what was technically known as a "hot wind." He said that it was a good thing that the wheat was practically ripe, otherwise this hot wind, if it had come ten days earlier, would have caught the wheat berries "in the milk," and would have cut down the yield a third. While we were talking, the air seemed to get clearer and we felt a great sense of relief. In half an hour the wind was coming from due west and was perceptibly cooler and pleasanter.

Old Dakoty remarked that he could see a cloud in the north and that the weather could easily threaten hail if the wind got in that direction. George Davidson scouted this suggestion, but said that he feared we might have a hard rain, which would "lodge" the heavy stand of wheat and delay harvest for a full week. Gunder Serns drove up with the news that harvest was in full blast south and east of Redstone, and that he certainly hoped for two weeks of fine weather. Old Dakoty said, grimly, that the symptoms, if we were in the Black Hills, would mean stormy weather, or maybe a wind and hail storm.

Gunder Serns drove on and we worked on vigorously pitching off two loads of millet at the stack. As we finished, the wind was blowing straight from the north, and a menacing black cloud was spreading over the sky. George Davidson gave the word to start the teams for the house; our speed soon increased. As we passed the corn ground, rain began to fall in large isolated drops, each as big as a teacup, which splashed in the dry dirt between the corn rows. Old Dakoty said: "That's a sure sign of hail, and I fear a big wind-storm too; the color of that sky means a twister; put the horses on the dead run, boys, and when we get there, unhitch and turn them loose and follow me."

When we reached the yard of the Big Place, opposite the long shed, we stopped, and without waiting to unhitch the teams, stripped the harness off of them, leaving the tugs still hooked to the

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singletrees. It was evident that Old Dakoty had been considering his strategy for the last half-mile. While we were freeing the horses from the harness, he had rushed to the stable and seized a 12-foot ladder which stood against the barn. He lowered this ladder immediately into the cistern, which was still empty, and shouted to each of us to climb down. George Davidson adjusted the catch on the eavestroughs so that the water would not run into the cistern. Old Dakoty had, thoughtfully, dropped some broken benches and boxes into the cistern, and we were not physically uncomfortable occupying them. We heard a roaring sound, and Old Dakoty said, "That's the cyclone." Then came some light crashes. George Davidson said, "That's hail. It's light, not bigger than bird's eggs, but it will cut all the fine wheat to ribbons." Then there was a real crashing noise, and George said, "Those hail stones are as big as turkey's eggs; they'll pound everything that's left into the ground and smash the corn to smithereens too."

When we got out of the cistern, we rushed immediately to view the damage. Where had stood the fine sections of waving wheat, estimated at good for a 20-bushel yield, there was a scene of smashed, discolored straw, pounded into the mud. The 640-acre cornfield was as barren as it had been the previous March, before planting. Tom Morgan rode up on horseback with the news that lightning had struck the line-fence between his pasture and ours, killing 17 of our fine heifers which the storm had driven against the fence. We learned afterwards that the entire period of the hailstorm was exactly 17 minutes.

That night my father arrived from Redstone behind the grey McNairs. His first question was as to the safety of "Old Lil" and the colts. When he found there were no casualties in this department, he became more cheerful. The section east of Redstone had escaped the hail storm altogether, and he figured it would yield 15,000 bushels of wheat—enough to pay the coal bill for the winter and to furnish seed-wheat for the next season. He said, "Every cloud has a silver lining. I was complaining just the other day to Archer & Howe, of St. Paul, of the price of wheat, which is only 44c a bushel on the Redstone market. I told them that it cost at least 60c a bushel to produce wheat. So, from one point of view, the loss is not so great financially, but it is a little severe emotionally. However, there will be another season. The loss of the cattle can be mitigated too by the same line of reasoning, since good beef cattle brings only 2c per pound. "George," he continued, to George Davidson, "I'm going to let you have your whim. You've been wanting to go into turkey raising for the last five years; now I am going to back you in that venture. You can drive over to the Black Hills with the teams and header-boxes and bring back 3,000 incubated turkeys and turn them loose on this six sections of wheat land."

The story of the turkey venture must await another telling. Suffice it to say that for Christmas dinner in Redstone that year we chose—spare-ribs and back-bone of fine fat hogs of December killing. My father took a pencil and endeavored to demonstrate to my mother on the last day of the year that, under the current prices, the hail storm had not been such a calamity as it seemed, but my mother declined to acquiesce in this view. She pointed out the vast supply of food which the crop would have furnished for poor, hungry people the world over.

My father, to tease her, and to divert the thoughts of all of us from the terrible destruction of the hail storm, said, "Well, Sarah, I'm afraid that when you attended the Decorah Normal School they hadn't yet installed a course in the new science that Cap Palmer calls Political Economy; it treats of production, distribution, prices and real profits. It is very interesting."

"Well," my mother said, "Dick Lyons, you are not so smart after all; if you had stayed in Iowa, as you promised me you would to get me to marry you, we wouldn't have to worry about hail storms. And maybe I don't understand political economy, but I believe that this great Dakota land that you are so infatuated with is likely to give me a pretty good understanding of, and a post graduate course in, real domestic economy."

"As long as we have coal for the winter," my father said, "and seed wheat for the spring, I am not going to worry about your not having a new seal-skin coat every year."

End of Labor

For sixty years he worked his farm alone,
Except for hiring-in an extra hand
In haying time. Being Yankee, land
Was sacred, not to be profaned by stone
Or weed. He judged a farmer slack or good
According to the way he piled his wood
Or plowed a patch of ground. A blooded bull
Was royalty enough for him—as full
Of purple as a king. Each spring, he fished
The lower meadow brook a day or two
While thinking of the things he ought to do
That were not done until he almost wished
That he had mended wall or cleaned the well—
This was long before the last leaf fell
Upon his labor. Now, with time to spare,
He inches backward in his rocking chair
Across the years whose days were glad with toil
And planted liberally with seedling hopes.
He had not thought to see the sunny slopes
Bear fruit that he must leave to speck and spoil.

HARRY ELMORE HURD.

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Japan at War

The people and its armed forces.

By J. Paar-Cabrera

ACCORDING to western standards, Japan ought to be able to mobilize about 12,000,000 fighting men out of its 80,000,000 inhabitants. However, what can be said of the physical deficiencies of Germans, born and raised during the first world war, or under the limitations imposed by the Treaty of Versailles, applies even more to the Japanese, who are not as strong constitutionally as the Germans. For the traditional diet of limited amounts of rice and raw or dried fish is not a good builder of interior organs and vital tissues.

The foreigner who visits one of the poorest urban or rural districts of Japan invariably notices a lot of young fellows some of whom look decidedly sickly, a lesser number of graying peasants or workers, and very few men showing the earmarks of vigorous middle age. That's due to the fact that, while many young Japanese proletarians are not afflicted by any particular illness, but are simply under par, most impecunious Japanese age rapidly between thirty and thirty-five years of age, and pass abruptly into old age. And that explains why, since the adoption of the conscription system, Japanese military doctors and army officers have been forced to reject as unfit about one-third of the levies coming up for military duty.

In the Japanese standing army and its reserves, only three or four soldiers out of every ten are classified as "perfectly fit." The second-line Japanese reserves are willing, but their military efficiency is doubtful.

Japan cannot muster more than seven million men for war duty. Incidentally, not all of these men can read or write, because even primary education is not universal in Japan.

The middle classes

Up to the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the social organization of Japan was a form of feudalism. Consequently the Japanese middle classes are of recent creation. In the last fifty years or so, they have produced some outstanding scientists, but few scholars. They include specialists engaged in scientific pursuits, technicians, teachers, students, small business men, small landowners, government employees, employees of business houses, banks and trusts, etc.

Up to the middle twenties, the ranks of the employees of huge concerns were swollen every year by middle-class applicants and, when the middle-class applicants were not enough to fill the available jobs, by promising youths chosen from the peasantry and the workers' ranks. From 1924 to the outbreak of the present war, the promotion of proletarians into the lower white-collar brackets of Japanese business assumed the proportions of a tidal wave, because of the amazing development of the Japanese heavy industries, and industries related to war production, and the expansion of concerns which flooded the world with products underselling similar articles manufactured in Western countries, owing to the low cost of Japanese labor and Japanese raw materials. As for instance, the Japanese silk industry, which bankrupted and eliminated the once prosperous Italian silk industry; Japanese-manufactured chinaware, which drove from the markets of the world the better, but more expensive, Czech chinaware; etc.

But although they can now afford a better standard of living and pay the various registration taxes necessary to insure a better education to their children, the numerous individuals recently enlisted by the Japanese trusts, and promoted into the Japanese middle class, are not entirely out of the rut of their occupational activities, because their own education was sketchy. Therefore they cannot qualify for commissions in the national fighting forces. Thus, as far as military needs are concerned, the Japanese middle classes remain shallow reservoirs of officer-material. The percentage of reserve officers which can be drawn from them is negligible, both in numbers and in potential quality, when compared with the multitude of first class officers which can be developed in America—after adequate training and after the necessary periods of hardening, seasoning and field experience.

The upper classes

The Samurai—the nobility—and those who have attained parity of status with them through acquisition of wealth form the top crust of Japan, and its leading class as well—an upper class which is aggressive, rabidly nationalistic, fanatically hieratic in its cult of national traditions and ac-

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cepted beliefs, no given to unproductive speculations of the mind, or to altruistic individual enterprises.

Add to that a rigid, one-sided turn of mind, a painstaking care for details, a strict personal discipline, militarism and a belief in all policies of aggression having the aggrandizement of the nation as a goal, and it becomes possible to understand why the members of the leading caste of Japan have been surnamed the Prussians of the East.

The schooling of the high-class Japanese, at once archaic and ultra-modern, reflects a wish to preserve all the vested privileges of their rank, and includes a painstaking survey of all the factors and all the findings of science having a direct and an indirect influence on modern affairs. Together with the regular curriculums of the best educational institutions of the Japanese Empire, and with an early military training, it strives to prepare the sons of "those who have the right to give orders" for their rôle in the national life, and in that struggle for international supremacy —or at the least for Asiatic and Pacific supremacy—which is, among the Japanese, the equivalent of what the self-appointed duty of conquering for the faith of Allah at the point of the sword was among the Moslem of old.

The high-class Japanese are physically toughened by the practice of fighting sports from childhood. Very well fed for generations, they are compactly built, sturdy and past masters in upper degrees of the Judo form of wrestling. The foreigner visiting a better-grade Judo gymnasium is amazed at the facility with which upper-class Japanese dominate hired sparring partners, heavier and stronger than they; or at the sight of young men, and men advanced in years, taking falls and executing contortions which would prove the undoing of an average white professional wrestler.

Upper-class Japanese make good officers. But their fighting intelligence generally, is more aggressive and resourceful in a crafty way, than gifted with true military imagination. Therefore their mental processes can be upset, their efficiency checkmated, by antagonists capable of out-thinking them, hurrying them, giving them no time to use their inborn shrewdness and the routine tricks of the professional Japanese officer. However, when they succeed in seizing the initiative at the head of so-called "perfectly fit" soldiers, and when the peculiarities of the ground favor both their fighting instincts and the qualities developed in them by their training, Japanese officers are about the hardest nuts to crack that one can think of.

Upper-class Japanese are not so numerous as their German counterpart, the Junkers. That, the limited numbers of middle-class Japanese of reserve-officer caliber, and the fact that the "perfectly fit" soldiers of Japan are no more than two millions—according to German and French General Staff statistics—are three weak points in the Japanese juggernaut. The warlords of Japan know it. They know also, though, that they have their people well in hand, and untainted to any appreciable extent by class unrest, discontent and the hysteria that often preceeds the appearance of national panic—because the Japanese are what they are.

Religious and social organization

The Japanese religion, obviously, is particularly suitable to the temper and aims of the Japanese people—if not to the true interests of their souls. It includes the calculating contemplation of a form of Buddhism and the fervent religious nationalism of the philosophy of Shinto.

Buddhism, older and more deeply rooted, recognizes many deities. Without opposing the idolatry of Buddhism, Shinto glorifies the cult of the Sun-Goddess of Japan and of her semi-divine descendant, the Emperor. Thus, in Japanese imagination, the dark and threatening figure of Fudo-Myo-O, the Buddhist war god holding a naked sword, is associated with the figure of the Emperor with a Katana sword hanging from his side. Thus, far from conflicting, the immovable and fatalistic strength of Buddhism, the driving nationalism of Shinto, form a combination which is at once a shock-absorber and a stimulant of the Japanese war spirit.

Then also the factor of isolation contributed to shaping the Japanese customs, traditions and social organization as much as the local form of Buddhism and the nationalistic philosophy of Shintoism. The temporary Mongol invasions were strictly warriors' incursions and left no trace in the Japanese islands. The Japanese masses never had a chance of finding out from personal experience how other races and civilizations fare. The contacts of Japanese sailors with other Asiatics were too brief to serve as vehicles for outlandish ideas. Thus, as the centuries rolled by, the Japanese became more Japanese.

Such a process of introspective evolution had gone too far when Christianity attempted ineffectually to convert Japan. The philosophy of Shinto was more successful in establishing itself because it was all-Japanese, because it didn't oppose Buddhism, because it recognized the divine origin of the Emperor, when the imperial power rose after the defeat of the Shogunate.

The consequent unopposed and uninfluenced development of the best and the worst features of their race have made the Japanese upper classes what they are, and have rendered the Japanese lower classes incapable of entertaining any wish of turning against their rulers. With such a set-up, opposition parties never amount to much. Revolts can take place only if made in the Emperor's

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name, and if directed by popular members of the upper crust.

Woman's share in Japanese social organization

We know how Japanese behave when things go well for them. There's no way of knowing to what extent their Buddhistic fatalism and Shintoist fighting nationalism would assist them in disaster —if, for instance, their flimsy towns were to burn one after another, under fiery showers of airplane bombs. But, strange as it may sound, perhaps Japanese morale will not crack as long as Japanese women continue to act as devoted maids of all work, as shock-absorbers to the ragged nerves of their men and as refreshers of the health of Japanese manhood. Because it must not be forgotten that Japan is a kind of a man's country where the unobtrusive, meek and tireless Japanese woman is more of a factor of national strength than she is given credit for.

The war-lords of Japan have no use for women playing outstanding parts in the community. They restrain women from engaging in activities that are not planned and controlled by the Imperial General Staff. And they discourage women from participating in war activities, unless the women in question are capable of catering also to that leisure after working hours that is still considered the due of the non-combatant Japanese. But the wives of officers and soldiers away on war duty, and particularly the widows of service men, are encouraged to do their share in the war effort.

The air force and navy

Of the Japanese air force it can be said, besides what is reported of it in our daily papers, that its bombing tactics, carried through previously against the Chinese, were adapted to the ancient vintage of the airplanes then in use. Its bombing tactics against American and British Army or Naval units and tactical objectives were copied mostly from the dive-bombing and torpedo-plane tactics developed by the German Luftwaffe. But the Japanese pursuit planes reflect the Japanese conviction that airplanes in general, and pursuit planes in particular, cannot be made bullet-proof, and therefore, there is no use loading an airplane with ineffective armor at the expense of its maneuverability and speed. The result of this theory is the Zero—flimsy, without shelter for the pilot, but fast, handy, capable of great power of fire, and altogether adapted to the eagerness to kill and the fatalistic indifference to death of the Japanese. But the Zero is, after all, too much of a death trap. When expert Japanese pilots are decimated the combat-value of the Zero will become quite slight.

The air force's greatest asset, in the beginning of this war, consisted in the adoption of tactics of team-work with the Navy, based on lessons derived from the sinking of the German battleship *Bismarck*.

In the battle of Macassar Straits, or rather toward the end of it, the Japanese Navy applied tactics developed in home maneuvers, which consisted in the utilization of smoke screens, out of which and into which darted Japanese destroyers on their way to and from launching torpedo attacks.

Recently, however, the Japanese Navy proved itself incapable of considering factors untested by previous events by exposing its airplane carriers and carrier-based planes to the far more deadly onslaught of American land-based planes. The results were the Japanese defeats of the Coral Sea and Midway.

As to effectives, the known statistics prove that Japan went to war with some forty cruisers, ninety modern destroyers, some older destroyers and a large fleet of submarines—all light craft which would have been swamped by the numerical superiority of our American cruisers, destroyers and submarines, if so many of our warships had not been sent previously to strengthen the British Navy, or assigned to protect the sea lanes of the world and the sea traffic of the American Hemisphere.

As far as battleships go, Japan was supposed to have fourteen of them against the seventeen that we had before Pearl Harbor. The *Kasino* is the most powerful of these Japanese battleships. However, not all the details of its construction and armament are known to the allied navies, and no accurate information is available about the additional forty-five thousand ton battleships, reported in construction by foreign newspapers and our own New York Times in 1937, and again reported as about completed in the spring of 1940.

The army

It is undeniably the mainstay of the Japanese war effort. Aside from its widely published features, it is worth mentioning that, in its recent reorganization, the Japanese General Staff has striven painstakingly to find at every turn a remedy and a substitute for its failings.

For instance, the war in China proved that the Japanese rifleman is a poor marksman. Consequently the rifle fire developed by a battalion of Japanese riflemen was not as deadly as the rifle fire developable by a battalion of white troops. Well, this deficiency was remedied through a greater allotment of light, easily carried submachine guns to every Japanese unit—that is, with a total increase of volume of fire at short range more than making up for the all-round lack of precision of Japanese infantry fire.

The Japanese have also taken great care to develop a very large Engineers' Corps, which, in many instances, they use to blast a path for the

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infantry in attack and to throw up quick field fortifications for the infantry in the course of defensive actions.

The real asset of the Japanese Army lies in its capacity—acquired through long field maneuvers, staged twice a year—to live and fight without discomfort either in sub-zero or in torrid climatic conditions—and in the Japanese habit of getting along on rations which would make any white soldier weaker than a cat in a fortnight.

Rather than local Japanese air supremacy it was the Japanese ability to get along on little food, and their long rehearsed and therefore superior jungle tactics, which enabled them to forge ahead rapidly in Malaya and Burma and to overcome without much difficulty the resistance of the Allies in Java.

For, no matter how brave, no matter how strong, quick and fit in normal conditions, a soldier weakened by unusual climate or by lack of the food to which his system is accustomed, becomes impaired in bodily energy and mental alertness as a man disabled by sickness. Under the circumstances, an enemy with lesser qualifications and lesser needs—an enemy not to be feared in normal conditions—can overcome, without much trouble, the best specimens of manhood in the world. This is the reason why, if the war should sweep over Alaska, our draftee soldiers would have an awful job on their hands. As a matter of fact, troops without at least two years experience of maneuvers in harsh climates, who have not learned to undergo periods of near-starvation, should be sent to face Japanese units on the Alaskan mountains and on the Alaskan coast only in relays, only if provided with the advantage of long rest periods after shorter periods of fighting activities, and never under conditions of simple numerical parity.

The shoe will be on the other foot in a year or two, when America will have a hardened and well drilled army of ten million or more perfectly fit soldiers, while casualties and losses in disabled and prisoners, will have decimated the two million "perfectly fit" soldiers of Japan, as well as the remainder of the Japanese war machine.

The lessons

So far, the war in the Pacific and in Asia has been nothing else than the successive attacks of a central enemy against a far-flung chain of garrisoning armies. The allied defensive strategy failed, as far as the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies were concerned, because it was based on that naval supremacy that the allies temporarily lost after the treacherous surprise attack on Pearl Harbor, and the less excusable sinkings of British battleships near the coast of Malaya. But it is hard to imagine why the Chinese were not adequately supplied and invited to advance southward and why the British troops of India remained inactive while the Japanese overran Malaya first and Burma after.

Now Australia—and therefore the South-Pacific gateway to an attack against South America—has been turned into a stronghold. The effective power of the Japanese Navy and its rôle in Japanese war plans have become more unpredictable than ever since Midway. But, to all appearances, the Japanese will not be able to launch much strength across the high seas in the face of American air power.

A Japanese attack against Australia is still a possibility. But, at the date of the present writing, three are the principal avenues open to Japanese strategy: A land drive through India, to join forces with the Germans, presumably in Persia—where the main allied supply route to Russia would be cut. A land drive of annihilation against the Russian Armies of Siberia. A land, sea and air advance all along the chain of the Aleutian islands, developing into an invasion of Alaska, and culminating with the establishment of air bases within combat-flying range of our Pacific Coast and northern war production centers—to cripple the mammoth war production system and unique assembly lines of America.

The lessons of Pacific and Asiatic warfare suggest that Japan is marking time, because Japan is waiting to see what we'll do next—to strike in the opposite direction. That is, against Alaska if we become too heavily engaged in the Near East or in Europe, or against either Siberia or India, if America concentrates in stopping all attacks against her shores and the territories nearest to them.

Unfortunately, the initiative is out of the allies' hands at present writing—unless allied strategy is entirely revised, along lines that, for obvious reasons, cannot be described for public consumption by the writer. There's something, though, that we must keep in mind: the grueling struggle of the last two years has badly taxed the resources of the embattled nations of Europe—Axis and Allied alike—both in manpower and in industrial output for war consumption.

Japan came into the war at the peak of her military efficiency; Japan's strength is bound to fade rather than grow, as the war goes on.

Loss of ships, losses among the two millions of "perfectly fit," the limited cadres of the Japanese officers' corps, our tremendous industrial output applied to war production, our tremendous potential resources in both sturdy and intelligent manpower are all things that should make an American victory inevitable. And victory will come to us sooner if America develops a general as able in strategy as our Chief of Staff General Marshall is able in organization.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ONE of the readers of this column has very kindly sent me a copy of *Catholic International,* to which curious and, as it now appears, very deplorable publication some reference was made a few weeks ago, but which at the time was unknown to me, and, probably, to most other people, save by rather disagreeable rumors concerning its ambiguous character. Well, I sincerely hope that it will continue to be unknown to most people, in spite of the fact that a considerable portion of its ninety-seven pages contains a good deal of first-class reading matter, a sort of *olla podrida* of bits and fragments cut out of the world of some of the great writers of the Church in old times, Saint Augustine, for example; Cardinal Mercier, Cardinal Newman, representing more modern Catholic thought in the high places of authority; while in addition there are numerous excerpts from many other writers, a large number of whom are far indeed from being eminent either for their authority as theologians or for their personal position as artists or teachers or even as purveyors of journalism. From the mere reading of this assemblage of clippings and cuttings, it would be very difficult to discern the policy of those responsible for it, and the puzzle of making out the special purpose of its mission is not solved after one has read what its editors have to say in the various departments where they express their views.

The chief editor is David Gordon. The Reverend Walter M. Neway is named as "consulting editor." The "executive editors," in addition to David Gordon, are George Vincent Swift, A. Bernard Campbell and Muriel Nolan Delaney. Under the title of the magazine, on its contents page—which also announces that *Catholic International* is published from Saint Paul's Library, Chicago, but that all communications should be sent to the New York office—there is the following statement: "The object of this publication is not to placate the non-acceptors of Jesus Christ with concessions, but to monstrate and defend the eternal Catholic dogmas."

Well, save for the tone of somewhat shrill defiance that sounds in this statement, the announced purpose might seem to require a modern Thomas Aquinas, rather than a layman adding skimpy editorial notes to an assortment of shreds and patches scissored and pasted together, to be sold for twenty-five cents a copy; so one turns to the reading of Mr. Gordon's remarks, and the remarks signed by other editors, for further enlightenment. But enlightenment is hard to arrive at. Mr. Gordon's personal efforts to "monstrate" and to "defend" Catholic dogmas, in this number at least, boil down to a few paragraphs jumping about from one subject to another, Saint Paul and Léon Blum in the first few paragraphs of the leading editorial, and an eloquent but excessively vague meditation on Pentecost printed elsewhere in the magazine. His first sentence, in the leading editorial, is: "Our purpose in launching this publication is one single purpose: the glory of God and the defense of the Holy Faith." But the net result of what he goes on to say appears to be that Catholics must principally be concerned in pursuing the purpose announced by Mr. Gordon and his fellow editors through the means presented by these editors, of which, so far as one can make out, the chief thing is to have nothing to do in collaboration with others than Catholics of the Gordon and Company type. "Tolerance" is repudiated. This is the time to concentrate on religious differences, that is for Catholics to believe, apparently, that organizations such as the National Conference of Christians and Jews are dangerous for their faith, and that Hitler's entrance into France, and Mussolini's surrender to Hitler in Italy, have produced no other fruits than a great triumph for the Catholic Church in those countries. That is the line, incredible as it may seem to most people, pursued by implication, by innuendo, by the choice of what to say and what not to say, in the first number of *Catholic International.*

What in the world are these people up to? Who do they expect will believe the lofty purposes announced, after reading such distortions of the whole truth as are contained in what the editors actually say in their own departments? Certainly, Catholics must cling to the Faith, and if granted the strength should follow it strictly—but that is not what is taught by David Gordon and his associates. The one and only "fact"—if it really is one, and not a mere fragment of a fact—about Catholicism, and conditions generally, in nazi Germany itself is the statement that there are more communicants in Germany than ever before in the history of the German lands. That the Pope and Cardinals and Bishops in Germany have other things to say is never mentioned. Well, let us hope that this queer publication is a mere freak happening—the explosion of the zeal of a convert uncorrected by counsel from wiser souls; otherwise, well—we had better wait and see.

Communications

ALARMING . . .

Minneapolis, Minn.

TO the Editors: Being myself the editor of a Catholic weekly, and at the moment a student of journalism at the University of Minnesota, I read your editorial, "Alarming . . ." (July 17) with great interest. In my opinion you have touched upon what is perhaps one of the sorest spots in American Catholic public relations. Several questions force themselves on the mind of one who has even a vague notion of what it meant by such terms as public opinion, public relations, publicity, propaganda. What weight has Catholic thought in the formation of public opinion in this country? Is there such a thing as a Catholic public opinion here? By means of what channels of communication is the public opinion of the thirty million Catholics formed?

To be sure, we have the Catholic schools, and a Catholic University, but is that enough? What about adults? Who is there to express public opinion of Catholics?

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The principal function of any press is the forming and reflecting of public opinion. That is the real weakness of an exclusively diocesan press; namely, that in the exercise of this function it is, in the nature of things, much limited. THE COMMONWEAL is one of the few organs we have that both forms and expresses a Catholic public opinion.

The three agencies by which public opinion is formed and reflected, and at the same time the most important instruments of propaganda, are the press, the radio, and the cinema. The Church in this country has very little influence on any of these agencies.

In the field of Catholic Action the press has an important task. But Catholic Action is the sharing by the *laity* in the apostolic work of the hierarchy. The experience of the Church in other countries proves that the press is a most fruitful field of endeavor for Catholic laymen.

REV. ROMUALD EDENHOFER, O.S.B.

WONG KIM ARK

Upland, Cal.

TO the Editors: I wish to commend you on the editorial "Wong Kim Ark II" in the July 10th issue of THE COMMONWEAL. I wish that you would publish more editorials like it. I feel that the Americans of Japanese parentage have been badly treated, due to a great extent to petty politics and petty politicians trying to attract the unintelligent element among the labor votes. It is indeed gratifying to find someone who speaks for these people who need now and will in the future need help from the better kind of citizen.

OLIVE HARRISON WHITNEY.

The Stage & Screen

The Merry Widow

A GREAT many people retain so keen a nostalgic interest in the classic operettas of the last two generations that they welcome with real joy their revivals, even if such a revival leaves much to be desired. And certainly people who are operetta fans never will entertain any hint that the scores of their delight are really pretty light stuff—certainly *not* infinitely preferable to the best popular music of today. For such I need only announce that "The Chocolate Soldier" has now given place to "The Merry Widow" in the Carnegie Hall series of revivals of celebrated operettas—and that the tickets are popularly priced.

My own personal taste does not run very strong in this direction. Obviously certain melodies from these works are of the stuff we were all brought up on, and presumably our children and grandchildren will continue to hear them from infancy. As a whole, I feel that the genre is tedious unless you are in a very special frame of mind—"feeling" or "intoxication" would be better words—and unless the production is staged with a degree of splendor, finish, and pace rarely possible and doubtfully worth the expense and effort. Certainly Carnegie Hall is a barn of a place with a most inadequate stage for attempts of this kind, and I must freely confess that in the present production I was bored. But, as I say, for those who love this kind of thing, any revival is good enough, and here is another one for you. *(At Carnegie Hall.)*

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Two Strikes

BASEBALL is as truly American as apple pie or corn fritters; and films about baseball make good Americana. I suppose as baseball heroes go, Lou Gehrig's is as outstanding a name as any. Samuel Goldwyn, in his new film, *"The Pride of the Yankees,"* tells the story of the player who rose from a "Tanglefoot" rookie to the top of his profession. Lou was a simple and modest man; and a movie about him should be simple and modest. "The Pride of the Yankees" is. But unfortunately these virtues don't necessarily make good cinema. In this case the result is somewhat on the dull side; the film is repetitious and entirely too long. The screenplay by Jo Swerling and Herman Mankiewicz strings together a series of episodes each of which rises to a climax and then falls into a lull while we wait for the next one. Paul Gallico's original story hews pretty closely to the facts—with of course a few exceptions to make the whole more lively. In any case, the film had the assistance and approval of Mrs. Lou Gehrig. The production itself is excellent. Director Sam Wood got fine performances out of his cast and fortunately did not stoop too often to absurdities like the phony fraternity scenes at college or the episode in which Lou and Elinor pelt each other with roses.

Gary Cooper plays Lou with his usual charm and boyish shyness. At times he looks amazingly like the famous southpaw. Fans may find him not quite accurate while on the diamond, but there aren't many close-ups of the game in action. In fact, in spite of the good montage sequences, fans might wish for more details and excitement of the game itself. A capable cast supports our modest hero: Teresa Wright is lovely and appealing as his wife; Elsa Janssen does the film's best characterization as Lou's strong-minded, possessive mother. "Loafers in short pants," she calls ball players. Walter Brennan and Dan Duryea play with authority the journalists who are respectively for and against Lou. Babe Ruth, Bill Dickey and several other Yankees portray themselves with conviction. I wish this item of Americana could have thought of some way of ringing some drama into its story without being too obvious. But our Horatio Alger hero rises to the top through the less interesting way—the path of hard work. The film has its big moment (or two reels of moments) at the end when Lou discovers that death is close. Bravely he faces what is in store while we sit through some sentimental sob scenes that cultimate in that big testimonial at the Yankee Stadium: 62,000 fans and a score of celebrities turn out to pay homage to an American hero. Cooper's sincere delivery of Gehrig's farewell speech is the high point in the film and an extremely effective finale for this memorial to a famous, yet typical, American.

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"It Happened in Flatbush" is about baseball too. The picture is a minor B affair, and of course doesn't have the production or splash of Mr. Goldwyn's opus which was shown simultaneously in 41 theaters on opening night in New York City; but it does have just as good montage shots and you do have a feeling of participating in the excitement of a ball game. Its trite story is a little too fictional as it tells about Frank Maguire, who was once benched by the Brooklyn team for being a butter-fingers, but who now returns to manage them and lead 'em to victory. The pattern is pretty obvious. Lloyd Nolan portrays the ball player who makes good in spite of jeers; Carol Landis is the romance. Ray McCarey directed this unpretentious bit of baseballiana with appropriate speed. And fans who can't get to a game can see it at their neighborhood houses. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Uneven Meditation

Dialogue With Death. Arthur Koestler. Translated by Trevor and Phyllis Blewitt. Macmillan. $2.00.

THIS autobiographical volume fulfills the promise Arthur Koestler made in "Scum of the Earth" (1941) to tell the story of his 102-day imprisonment by the Franco Government of Spain. It is a book that parallels closely many sections of the earlier volume; but notwithstanding its fine title, it lacks both the range and the dramatic intensity of its predecessor.

As a member of the Communist Party for seven years ("Scum of the Earth"), a sympathizer with the Valencia government, and a news reporter who had written sharply personal criticisms against Queipo de Llano, Koestler was condemned to death along with several hundred other political prisoners. "Dialogue With Death" is mainly concerned with his own self-analysis, his brooding despair, the devices he hits upon to occupy his time, presented partly in diary form as originally written, partly recaptured in retrospect. The least interesting portions are very often those lifted from the diary, simply because they tend to degenerate into repetitious recountings of trifling details. One of the best sections of the book is the opening 60 pages concerned with the fall of Malaga. Here Koestler's excellent sense for prose style, and his ability to catch tone and atmosphere come into full play. "It is dusk, and the sombre, flaccid shadows of the Andalusian night are rapidly closing in. No electric light; no trams; no policemen at the street corners. Nothing but darkness, and the death-rattle of a strangled city: a shot, a drunken cry, a whimpering somewhere in the next street."

Koestler declares in his book that his chief refuge as his expectation of death lengthened from weeks to months was a kind of stoical detachment. He tried, he tells us, to see his plight in perspective, with reference to the plight of countless other human beings. Hence the many literary and historical allusions in the volume which do so much to heighten its interest. For example, there is the brief passage on the chief actor in a more deeply moving dialogue with death, Socrates, and Koestler's amusement at Socrates's "pervervid humourless pupils"; or the delight Koestler took in reading J. S. Mill's *Autobiography* when a "Hemingway or a Joyce or a Huxley

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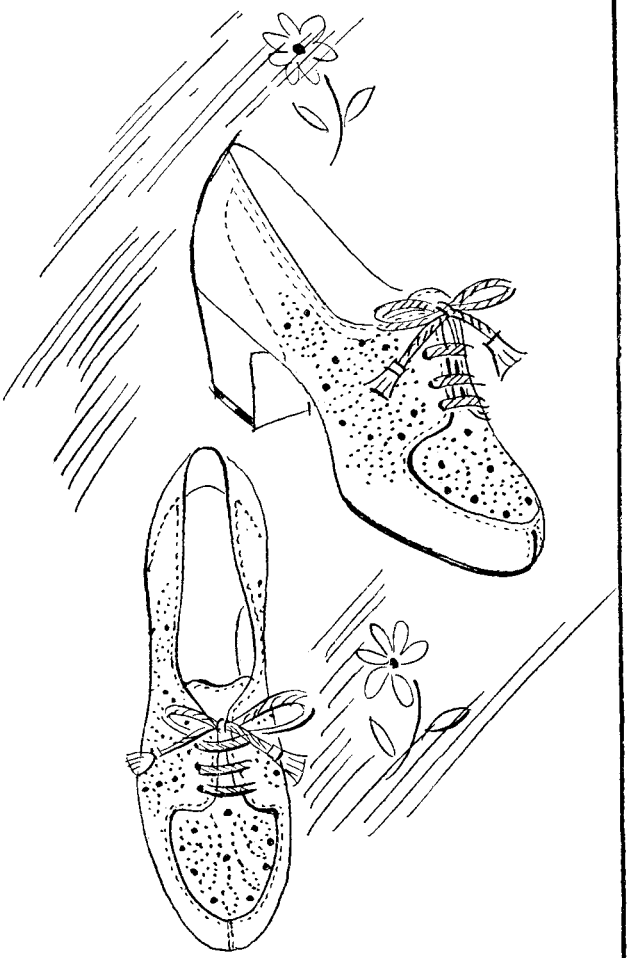

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would have had a positively devastating effect at that particular moment."

One needs more than such a cold virtue as stoical courage, however, to endure what Koestler and so many others endured and are enduring in this war. One needs a more abiding faith. Koestler knows that well. Unfortunately, like so many modern liberals, he continually links the Church with reactionary politics, uses medieval as a smear word, and makes other observations that do more credit to his prejudice than to his intelligence. Yet the *requiescat in pace* he pronounces at the death of the little militiaman called Nicolás to whom he dedicates the book, the references, though jesting, to the barber as a messiah and a redeemer, his observations on the Mass being celebrated in the gallery outside his cell and many other less direct allusions, show that Koestler refuses to dismiss Catholicism with the smug doctrinaire manner adopted by many another present-day prophet. In fact, it is his genuine humanity and his sympathy with suffering men, combined with his rare ability to personalize and dramatize his perceptions, that distinguishes Koestler from the great number of writers of all nations who have told of the harrowing and terrible experiences in which war, and this one above all, abounds. A. S. RYAN.

BIOGRAPHY

Heroes I Have Known. Max Eastman. S&S. $3.00.

EVEN admitting Mr. Eastman's definition of a hero as one who has led a great life it is a little difficult to include in this category such figures as his mother, Annis Ford Eastman, Carlo Tresca, Art Young, Thomas K. Beecher, and perhaps John Reed. Of all these one may say that they have led good lives, hardly great ones. Take the cases of Beecher and Reed. The former, Mr. Eastman considers the greatest of a family that included Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Thomas, like his father and better known brother, was a clergyman—the pastor of a church at Elmira attended at one time by Mark Twain whom he is said to have influenced. That Beecher "may have given Twain the possession of his deepest and best self" does not make him a hero and the novel methods he brought to the conduct of his church while productive, no doubt, of excellent results in individual cases, suggest the possession of an independent, but hardly very original mind. John Reed is another story. However we may judge him from an intellectual standpoint, his life, coming to an untimely close amid shattered ideals, has indeed something of the heroic. Eastman's suggestion that he really wanted to write rather than cast himself in a revolutionary rôle adds its touch of tragic irony to his misunderstood figure.

Of the other ill-assorted figures in this galaxy—Isadora Duncan, Anatole France, Charlie Chaplin, Leon Trotsky, Sigmund Freud and John Dewey—there is, it will easily be conceded, a sufficient diversity. If Eastman is not equally successful in making heroes of them all he has something interesting to say about most of them. Least of all about France, whom, I gather, he saw upon one occasion only. There was a moment—when hope in the Russian Revolution was at its rosiest—when the endorsement of the great Frenchman cast upon him a reflected glory in which he appeared a hero to ardent young revolutionaries who saw in the Soviet State the dawn of a regenerated society. But France was too much of a sceptic to last long in that rarefied atmosphere. Whatever may be the verdict of posterity on his literary attainments, it does not seem likely that he will be remembered as a hero.

Another of these studies, that of Freud, rests upon a single interview, during which he was most uncomplimentary in his references to America. "I don't hate it," he said, "I regret it." As Freud lived in Vienna, not here, that required no heroism, but I do not think the quality can be denied the doctor in view of his life-long battle to revolutionize the psychology and medicine of his day.

The two representatives of the arts in Mr. Eastman's gallery—Isadora Duncan and Charlie Chaplin—make his best portraits. Of Isadora he was evidently a little afraid. While admiring the genuine heroism of her attitude toward the world, he is willing to admit the considerable element of heroics it contained, and this must be accounted a flaw in the faith she exacted of her followers. In the case of Chaplin the portrait is the result of a long series of sittings, being the record of an intimate personal friendship—a friendship which one trusts survives the rather vigorous digs to which the personality of the sitter is subjected. Not that Eastman is unappreciative of Charlie's genius and delightful side—rather because he appreciates them both—is he at pains to depict the weaknesses that interfere with their full fruition. His conclusion regarding this particular hero is that his *timidity* will probably prevent his ever doing the best of which he is capable.

Mr. Eastman believes that Trotsky (whose case he espouses against Stalin) was conscious of his incapacity as a politician and systematically side-stepped the occasions that might have brought him to power, as when he stayed away from Lenin's funeral. Intellectually he was of the stuff of which heroes are made. While Professor Dewey, Trotsky's stanch defender, apart from his achievements in the fields of philosophy and education, is a hero because of his refusal to admit that there is anything heroic in what he is doing. J. K. PAULDING.

FICTION

The Just and The Unjust. James Gould Cozzens. Harcourt. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH he is barely forty years old, James Gould Cozzens has, for a long time, been one of the most distinguished of American novelists. It has been argued of his preceding novels that in theme none of them was worthy of Mr. Cozzens's great skill, and this was the fact. These earlier novels were also marred by Mr. Cozzens's virtual insistence that he was not on the side of the angels. The lecherous, careless, overly-hearty Dr. Bull of "The Last Adam" was a person Mr. Cozzens thought rather well of, and there was always the insistence on a kind of overheartiness, a tendency which also marked many of the poorer proletarian novels of the '30's.

So it is now a pleasure to report that not only has a great American novelist come of age, but that, unlike most other American novelists, he has developed a sense of morality. It is curious that, for his best book, Mr. Cozzens takes a theme that has been worn threadbare by the worst and cheapest writers, and by virtue of his great skill and understanding, makes it into what could very easily become an American classic.

The scene is a small county seat, presumably in the Delaware River Valley, during a murder trial. The defendants are "foreigners," that is, not natives of the town or its surrounding country. There is no question as to their guilt. The question, such as it is, is one of degree only. The Commonwealth asks death for first degree murder. The defense, led by the local smart-aleck,

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will be satisfied with anything it gets less than that. The trial moves to its close, with the jury surprisingly returning a verdict of second degree murder, which, the presiding judge scolds them, was a verdict against the facts. But it is a just sentence and everyone involved knows this in his heart. The mass mind or intuition of the jury has been more accurate than the infinitely more brilliant and intelligent minds of the judge and prosecutors. This, of course, is what the law intended a jury for, as Mr. Cozzens points out in a somewhat unnecessary summing up.

Principally, the story is told from the viewpoint of Abner Coates, the assistant D. A. Stuffy, earnest, a purist, Coates comes of age during the trial, finally realizing how much of compromise is necessary in order that the miracle of our society's existence should continue. But the great triumph of the book is how the author has succeeded in portraying with complete accuracy and the strongest kind of a sense of reality the life of that part of town which flows through the office of the district attorney.

The D. A. and his assistant are called away from the trial to the attorney's room by phone calls from J. P.'s ignorant of the law they are supposed to administer; with unbelieveable subtlety, political pressure is brought to bear on them; lawyers change their clients' pleas in mid-air, so to speak, depending on how the fortunes of the murder trial seem to be going. Coates and the D. A., Martin Bunting, have split personalities. They couldn't function otherwise. Justice and the law; and how often a disparity exists between them. Coates knows that they are to enforce the law; it is the ignorant jury that enforces justice. Where there is no jury, there is frequently no justice.

The hysteria of Americans over sins of the flesh and their calm acceptance of sins of murder, injustice and uncharity, are all part of Mr. Cozzens's book. You will not find what he has to say if you read his book as you would read, say, such tripe as "The Keys of the Kingdom" or Louis Bromfield's trash. With the exception of his little summing-up at the end, Cozzens writes without stressing his implications, insisting, as the early Hemingway did and the later Hemingway does not, that the reader come up to his intellectual level, for he will not descend to the reader's. The objectivity of the book is complete; I know no other living novelist whose objectivity is complete. There is nothing so mawkish as a hero or a heroine. This is the way things are, with something of good and evil in everyone.

The single flaw seems to be that Mr. Cozzens does not convey emotion. Of course, this is principally the function of poetry, as A. E. Housman has pointed out. But if this is the price Mr. Cozzens has had to pay for his objectivity, it is worth it.

It is not often that that collection of log-rollers, disappointed hacks and highly successful business men known as the Book-of-the-Month-Club chooses a competent novel; and it goes out of its way to choose those with little or no moral values in them. What persuaded them to choose Mr. Cozzens's book, I do not know. But do not be dissuaded by its being a book-club choice. "The Just and the Unjust" is quite likely an American classic and should be required reading for every lawyer and in every law school in the country.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

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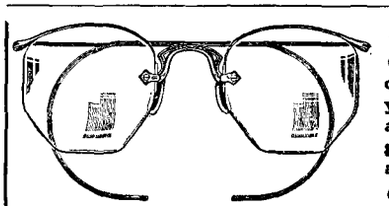

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HISTORY

Germany the Aggressor. F. J. C. Hearnshaw. Dutton. $3.00.

IN HIS "Germany the Aggressor," F. J. C. Hearnshaw, professor of history at the University of London, attempts to answer the question: Is there something innate within the German peoples which causes them to be brutally aggressive? His conclusions are confusing. He spends a great deal of time proving that the early Germanic peoples were the possessors in an inordinate degree of all the unpleasant traits of human character, only to reach the conclusion that the real cause of Germany's actions lies in the fact that she did not become a unified nation in the fifteenth century when the other countries of Europe were exercising their newly found feeling of nationalism, and that Germany by waiting until the nineteenth century for her unification is displaying the same characteristics as those which her sister European countries practiced in the similar, formative period of their development. He justly laments the fact that Germany in becoming a nation allowed herself to become Prussianized under the Hohenzollerns instead of following the leadership of the Austrian Habsburgs. Bismarck and Hitler are drawn in interesting fashion as the outcome of Prussian Machiavellism.

The geography of Germany has had a great deal to do with the development of the German love of war. The country has no natural geographic boundaries and has therefore been exposed from every side to attack. This uncertainty of territorial limits has caused the German people to be almost constantly at war with their neighbors. Hitlerism is a natural outgrowth of this historical background. "It is Prussianism *in excelsis.*" To understand it we must know that it is "merely a revised, enlarged, and more blatant version of the imperialism of William II, the nationalism of Bismarck and the banditry of Frederick the Great."

"Germany the Aggressor" is an interesting mixture of propaganda and historical fact. Had the author omitted such obvious propaganda as his attempt to segregate the German race as the most barbarous of all peoples, when at the same time he admits that the other races in Europe were equally cruel and grasping, the book would be of greater historical value.

It is, however, a concise, witty, intelligent review of German history as it gravitates about the wars of the Germanic peoples.

CATHERINE SHUSTER MANNICK.

RELIGION

The Praise of Glory. E. I. Watkin. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

THIS excellent devotional commentary on the Lauds and Vespers of the Roman Breviary is written in the conviction that these two Offices, and not Prime and Compline, are properly the Morning and Evening prayer of the Church and should therefore be the prayer at morning and night of the faithful who aspire to use the Breviary for their devotions. There are two very good chapters on "The Divine Office" and "Lauds and Vespers," wherein the author gives a philosophical and theological explanation of the Church's official prayer—the conscious offering to God by the Body of the Church of the glory which is His due from creation. All things serve and glorify Him; in the supernatural order it is the supernatural praise by the redeemed of Christ which most perfectly fulfils the end of all creation. All created beings have their part in the praise of God; mankind redeemed utters that praise consciously and brings to articulation what could remain but dumb and at best incoherent worship. Lauds and Vespers are preeminently the Offices of praise.

Moreover, Lauds and Vespers introduce us more intimately to the cycle of the Church's feasts and fasts, with the variable antiphons, chapters, and hymns. They are also more closely joined to the Mass, embodying as they do portions of the pericope and the Collect of the day. They also include the evangelical canticles, which are so intimately connected with the mystery of the Incarnation; which bring so beautifully together the persons of our Lord, our Lady, and the Baptist.

In order to drive home his point of the value of these two Offices for the layman the author undertakes to explain these Offices in the Roman Breviary. Thus he discusses them as they appear for each day of the week, bringing out the possible meanings and interpretations of the psalms, lessons, and hymns. A half of the book is given to this; the rest of it consists of a treatment, in similar fashion, of the *Miserere,* The Common of the Saints, The Proper of the Season, and Special Offices for Certain Feasts. It becomes luminously clear how full these offices are of the "depths of the knowledge and wisdom of God"; how truth and beauty have met here in the Divine Office, made voluble and articulate by the praying Church.

There is a poetico-philosophical touch about this book which is very appealing. It should afford much joy and knowledge to those wishing to use the Breviary. We recommend this book to all seekers after God in the Liturgy of the Office. *Tolle, lege.*

RICHARD FLOWER.

BRIEFER

Three Famous Spy Novels The Great Impersonation, by E. Phillips Oppenheim; Journey Into Fear, by Eric Ambler; The Confidential Agent, by Graham Greene. Random. $1.98.

BENNETT CERF has written a foreword that in itself serves as an excellent review of the three thrillers in this bargain compilation. He maintains that despite its superfluity of lords and ladies "The Great Impersonation" is Oppenheim suspense at its very peak. And he is equally just to Eric Ambler and Graham Greene. Both are modern stylists, masters of the art of suspense and devastating creators of a world of terror and intrigue where the only human encouragement is at long last to find someone who can be trusted. It is three years now since "The Confidential Agent" was first published in this country and it stands rereading, a test which few thrillers can undergo. Its hero, known merely as "D," is an intensely interesting psychological study. A man without faith in the strictly religious sense, or even in humanity in general, he has dedicated himself to what he conceives of as the rather vague cause of the Spanish people. Yet even when his mission seems to have ended in abject failure, he insists upon carrying on. In view of developments since 1939 it is rather startling to encounter the bespectacled agent, "K," who by selling out to the emissary of the Francoists has been made a professor at a Spanish university. D "had a hideous vision of a whole world of poets, musicians, scholars, artists—in steel-rimmed spectacles with pink eyes and old treacherous brains—the survivals of an antique worn-out world, teaching the young the useful lessons of treachery and dependence."

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The Inner Forum

ON July 14 and 15 a jury of five distinguished American sculptors and architects convened in the heat of Washington to study 64 models, each thirty inches high and representing the best conceptions of as many sculptors as to what would express the theme, 'Christ, the Light of the World." There were two architects—Barry Byrne and Frederick Vernon Murphy—and three sculptors—Lee Laurie, C. Paul Jennewein and Gaetano Cecere, and standing by to help with information when requested were Monsignor Ready and Dr. Carroll of the NCWC. For the eventual result of this meeting would determine what artist will be entrusted with the task of making a fifteen-foot bronze statue of Christ to adorn the facade of NCWC's new Washington building.

No pains had been spared to enlist in this competition the talents of America's foremost sculptors and to give them the most impartial and careful judgment. The jury could identify each model only by an impersonal number: no one could say, in some distant future, that favorites had been played, or that adequate consideration had not been given to a most difficult problem. And the result only went to prove the delicacy of the task: the jury decided that no competitor had clearly submitted a model which preeminently satisfied all requirements. It selected the three best and asked these winners to re-work what they had submitted for a final judgment in October, when three models will be given the first and second and one third prize—the other four third prizes having been awarded immediately.

The three sculptors who have agreed to recompete for the final awards are Suzanne Nicolas—formerly of Holland, now of New York City—George Kratina of Brooklyn and Robert C. Koepnick of Dayton, Ohio. The four definitive winners of third prizes are Leo Lentelli, Oronzio Maldarelli, Brenda Putnam and Carl L. Schmitz—all of New York. As is not always the case with competitions, often run in such a way as to make this method of selecting an artist for a job odious and sometimes malodorous, the Liturgical Arts Society, which conducted this project for the NCWC, made it a point that a truly broad field of talent should have every opportunity to win prizes which would adequately repay the successful artists for their efforts—prizes aggregating $9,000—$7,500 of which will go to the winner.

CONTRIBUTORS

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